



# The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke HUMFREY.

*Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*

*Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.*

*Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beauford on the one side.*

*The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.*

*Suffolke.*

**S** by your high Imperiall Maiesty,  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As Procurator to your Excellence,  
To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;  
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Tonnes*,  
In presence of the Kings of France, and Sicill,  
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Britaigne, and Alanson,  
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Bishops  
I haue perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd,  
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,  
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,  
Deliuier vp my Title in the Queene  
To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance  
Of that great Shadow I did represent:  
The happiest Gift, that euer Marquesse gaue,  
The Fairest Queene, that euer King recei'd.

*King. Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene Margaret,*  
I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue  
Then this kinde kisse: O Lord, that lends me life,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness:  
For thou hast given me in this beauteous Face  
A world of earthly blessings to my soule,  
If Sympathy of Loue vnite our thoughts.

*Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,*  
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,  
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,  
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,  
With you mine *Alder liuest* Soueraigne,  
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,  
With ruder termes, such as my wit affords,  
And ouer ioy of heart doth minister.

*King. Her sight did rauish, but her grace in Speech,*  
Her words yclad with wisdomes Maiesty,  
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes,  
Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content.

Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.  
*All kneel. Long liue Qu. Margaret, Englands happines.*  
*Queen. We thanke you all.*

*Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,*  
Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,  
Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles,  
For eightene moneths concluded by consent.

*Glo. Reads. Inprimis, It is agreed betweene the French K.*  
*Charles, and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke, Am-*  
*bassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shall*  
*espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto Reigner King of*  
*Naples, Sicillia, and Ierusalem, and Crowne her Queene of*  
*England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.*

*Item, That the Duchy of Anion, and the County of Maine,*  
*shall be releas'd and deliuer'd to the King her father.*

*King. Vnkle, how now?*  
*Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,*  
Some sodaine qualme hath stricke me at the heart,  
And dim'd mine eyes; that I can reade no further.  
*King. Vnkle of Winchester, I pray read on.*  
*Win. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, That the*  
*Duchesse of Anion and Maine, shall be releas'd and deliuer'd*  
*ouer to the King her Father, and shce sent ouer of the King of*  
*Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without hauing any*  
*Dowry.*

*King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,*  
We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,  
And girt thee with the Sword. Cofin of Yorke,  
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent  
Ith parts of France, till terme of eightene Moneths  
Be full expy'd. Thankes Vnkle Winchester,  
Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, and Warwick.

We thanke you all for this great fauour done,  
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.  
Come, let vs in, and with all speede prouide  
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

*Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.*

*Manet the rest.*

*Glo. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State;*  
To you Duke Humfrey must vnload his greefe:  
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land,  
What did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?  
Did he so often lodge in open field:  
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,  
To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
And did my brother Bedford toyle his wits,

To keepe by policy what Henrie got:

Haue you your felues, *Somerset, Buckingham,*  
*Braue Yorke, Salisbury,* and victorious *Warwicke,*  
Recei'd deepe scarres in France and Normandie:  
Or hath mine Vnkle Bedford, and my selfe,  
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,  
Studied so long, sat in the Councell house,  
Early and late, debating too and fro  
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,  
And hath his Highnesse in his infancie,  
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes,  
And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?  
Shall *Henries* Conquest, *Bedfords* vigilance,  
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?  
O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,  
Fetall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,  
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,  
Racing the Characters of your Renowne,  
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,  
Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.

*Car. Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourie?*  
This peroration with such circumstance:

For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.

*Glo. I Vnkle, we will keepe it, if we can:*

But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the roost,  
Hath giuen the Duchy of *Anion* and *Maine*,  
Vnto the poore King *Reigner*, whose large style  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

*Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,*

These Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie*:

But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant sonne?

*War. For greefe that they are past recouerie.*

For were there hope to conquer them againe,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.  
*Anion* and *Maine*? My selfe did win them both:  
Those Prouinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,  
And are the Cities that I got with wounds,  
Deliu'd vp againe with peacefull words?

*Mort Dieu.*

*Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,*  
That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle:  
France should haue torne and rent my very hart,  
Before I would haue yeelded to this League.  
I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had  
Large Summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,  
And our King *Henry* giues away his owne,  
To match with her that brings no vantages.

*Hum. A proper iest, and neuer heard before,*  
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,  
For Costs and Charges in transporting her:  
She should haue staid in France, and steru'd in France  
Before—

*Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,*  
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

*Hum. My Lord of Winchester I know your minde.*

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:

But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,

Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face

I see thy furie: If I longer stay,

We shall begin our ancient bickerings:

Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,

I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*

*So, there goes our Protector in a rage:*

'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:

Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,

And no great friend, I feare me to the King:

Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,

And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:

Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage,

And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,

There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:

Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.

What though the common people fauour him,

Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster*,

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,

Iesu maintaine your Royall Excellence,

With God preferue the good Duke *Humfrey*:

I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse,

He will be found a dangerous Protector.

*Buc. Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?*

He being of age to gouerne of himselfe.

Cofin of Somerset, ioyne you with me,

And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,

Wee'l quickly hoysse Duke *Humfrey* from his seat.

*Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,*

Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently. *Exit Cardinal.*

*Som. Cofin of Buckingham, though Humfries pride*

And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,

Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinal,

His insolence is more intollerable

Then all the Princes in the Land beside,

If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector.

*Buc. Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protectors,*

Despite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinal.

*Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.*

*Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him.*

While these do labour for their owne preferment,

Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.

I neuer saw but *Humfrey Duke of Gloster*,

Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:

Of haue I seene the haughty Cardinal,

More like a Souldier then a man o'th Church,

As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,

Sweare like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe

Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.

*Warwicke* my sonne, the comfort of my age,

Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping,

Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons,

Excepting none but good Duke *Humfrey*.

And Brother *Yorke*, thy Acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to ciuill Discipline:

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,

Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,

Ioyne we together for the publike good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinal,

With *Somerset* and *Buckingham*s Ambition,

And as we may, cherish Duke *Humfries* deeds,

While they do tend the profit of the Land.

*War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land,*

And common profit of his Countrye.

*Yor. And so sayes Yorke,*

For he hath greatest cause.

*Salisbury. Then lets make hast away,*

And looke vnto the maine.

*Warwicke. Vnto the maine?*

Oh Father, *Maine* is lost,

That *Maine*, which by maine force *Warwicke* did winne,

And would haue kept, so long as breath did last:

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